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now held in custodiam by Sir Luke Bath. However, by the subsequent *explanatory* Act of Settlement, vol. iii. p. 117, A.D. 1665, Sir Luke was restored to, or rather continued in the possession (which he never lost) to the time of his death, in which also, his son, Sir Peter continued to the time of *his* death: after which, (he having left no male issue) a collusive proceeding took place between the then Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) and Lady Cecilia, the widow of Sir Luke, and Lady Margaret, the widow of Sir Peter, and their trustees, George Aylmer and Launcelot Dowdall, (brother of Lady Cecilia) which collusion was established for the purpose of defeating the rights of the male heir of the Bath family, who being thus despoiled of his right, made, as did also his descendants, at several periods, frequent, but in consequence of their poverty, ineffectual attempts to recover it. The property was sold at Chichester-house, in the year 1703, to Mr. S—e, a woollen-draper in High-street, Dublin, (subject however, to the lease of 99 years, allowed in 1700, in the Court of Claims, executed by the Duke of York to the above trustees, at a pepper-corn rent!) for a sum of £430.

The counties of Meath and Louth are rich in antiquarian remains of this respectable family. In a former number we gave a view of their beautiful wooden house in Drogheda, and we shall in future numbers give illustrations of several of the magnificent votive stone crosses erected in various parts of the country to the memory of William Bathe of Athcarne, by his widow, and which are the finest monuments of their kind now remaining in Ireland. P.

GEORGE'S CHURCH.

We have been requested by the Trustees of St. George's church to state that we were in error in our estimate of the expense of erecting that church, the amount of which, as appears from their printed statement, laid before Parliament, is as follows:

"For building Church, Cemetery, Organ, Clock, &c. per account, £39,946 15s. 8½d."

Our former statement of the expense was taken from Wright's Dublin.

POMPEII

The following fine passage is taken from the poem on *The Universe*, which, though published under the name of Maturin, was really written by another Irishman the Rev. James Wills.

Thus deep, beneath
Earth's bosom, and the mansions of the graves
Of men, are graves of cities. Such of late
From its long sleep of darkness disinter'd
Pompeii, with its low and buried roofs,
Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like
A city of the dead! A tomb perchance
Where living men were buried! Tyrant Death!
How didst thou triumph then!—thou us'd'st to steal
Behind thy sallow harbinger, disease,
Or take thine open and determinate stand
In battle's ranks, with danger at thy side,
Forewarning gallant breasts prepared to die;
But there—thy spectral visage dark'n'd forth
Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life,
From its invisible ambush! There—it found
The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains,
Young loves, and hopes, and pleasures, all abroad,
Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning
In life's glad summer breeze, from flow'r to flow'r,
And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,
Blighted them all! How sunk the tender maid
Then silent in the chill and stiff'ning clasp
Of her dead lover! Echo had not ceased
To catch love's inarticulate ecstasies,
Strained in a first embrace—for ever then
Fix'd statue-like in Death's tremendous arms,
A hideous contrast!—one fell moment still'd
Lovers and foes alike;—workers of good,
And guilty wretches;—then the statesman's brain

Stopp'd in its calculation, and the bard
Sunk by his lyre;—the loud procession
Before the temple—all the cares of life
With action and contrivance, the street
Throng'd multitudinous, in their busy time
Of bustle and magnificence;—and all
Life's thousands were abroad, and the high sounds
Of civic pomp rose audible from far;
But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin
Over their mirth, "BE STILL," and all was hush'd!
Save the short shuddering cries that rose unheard,
The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes
Thro' red closing surge! the awful groan
Of agitated Nature---and beneath
Ten thousand victims turn'd to die; above
Bright sunbeams lit the plain---a nameless tomb!

EXTRAORDINARY CLERICAL LONGEVITY.

The parish of Braid-island in the county of Antrim, which contains 5,000 acres Irish plantation measure, was the first Presbyterian parish of the Plantation in the reign of James I. which had a Presbyterian Minister. Since that period—namely, for more than two centuries—there have been but four ministers! the first was the Reverend Edward Bryce, appointed in 1611, and died in 1636; the second, Mr. Cunningham, appointed, 1645, died, 1697; the third, Mr. Cobham, appointed 1700, died, 1759; and the fourth and present is Mr. Bankhead, appointed, 1763, who is ninety-four years of age and in perfect health and spirits. There is but *one* inhabitant of the parish who is not a Presbyterian. P.

LENDING A CONGREGATION,

AS TOLD BY AN OTTER-KILLER.

When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

"Eh! what, Antony," said the Colonel. "A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow."

"Well," said the otter-killer, "it's true. I was there myself, and I'll tell you the story. It was in the time of Bishop Beresford, that beautiful old man,—many a half-crown he gave me, for I used often to bring game and fish to the palace from the master's father. He was the handsomest gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; and, oh, hone! it was he that knew how to live like a bishop. He never went a step without four long-tailed black horses to his carriage, and two mounted groomes behind him. His own body-man told me, one time I went with a haunch of red deer and a bitter to the palace, that never less than twenty sate down in the parlour, and, in troth, there was double that number in the hall, for nobody came or went without being well taken care of.

Well, it came into old Lord Peter's (grandfather to the present Marquis of Sligo,) head, that he would build a church, and settle a colony of *north-men* away in the west. Faith, he managed the one easy enough; but it failed him to do the other, for devil an inch the *north-men* would come; for, says they, "Hell and Connaught's bad enough, but what is either to Connemara?"

Well, the minister came down, and a nice little man he was, one Mr. Carson. Father Patt Flynn had the parish then, and faith, in course of time the two became as thick as inkle-weavers.

Every thing went on beautiful, for the two clergy lived together. Father Patt Flynn minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk; but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, I mind it as well as yesterday, for I killed that very morning two otters at Loughnamuckey, and the smallest of them was better to me than a pound note. It was late when I got down from the hills, and I went to Father Patt's as usual, and who should I meet at the door but the priest himself. "Antony," says he, "*ceade fia-*